

Bullet

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Summary: The gang was used to being the one's shooting the bullets- but when one of their own was shot down it is hard to comprehend.

Bullet

It only took one bullet.

Bullets on their own are fairly harmless. Little bits of metal melded together into an odd shape. Nothing really special, nothing really lethal.

Bullet's paired with guns can be ok too. Target practice at a shooting range is a good stress reliever. Loaded guns can be used to shoot down game as well- feeding families, and providing warm fur to help us get through the Winter.

It's bullets paired with murderous intent that can kill.

It only took one bullet.

'OTTO!'

Laura's high pitched screech filled the silent air.

Nothing but Otto's limp body seemed to move.

Everyone just froze and watched. As Otto went down.

Down.

Down.

Down.

Until he lay sprawled out on the concrete.

Another moment and everyone was in motion.

Laura and Shelby were immediately at Otto's side, one hysterically crying and the other checking for a pulse.

Otto always had loved how Laura managed to show her every emotion. Although, bawling her eyes out beside his motionless body had never crossed his mind. Maybe he wouldn't have loved that quite as much. If he could move he'd probably try to calm her down, tell her it was for the best. Probably pull a Titanic scene and make her promise to live a full life.

But he couldn't.

There was a bullet through his heart.

Wing was the slowest of the friends to react. He remained still for a while, just watching. Watching his friends go through denial. Watching his friends get angry at themselves, angry at Otto.

Wing watched until he realized that he needed to be there too. This wasn't a Soap Opera Shelby was forcing him to watch. This was real. This was Otto. This was his life.

Slowly Wing started walking over, and gradually that walk turned into a sprint.

Shelby watched in horror as the color drained right out of her friend's face. His white hair matched his skin. Wrong. His hand was getting cold. Wrong. The pulse she had just barely detected was too weak for survival. Wrong. Wrong. Wrong! It was all wrong!

'It's wrong.' Shelby choked out a laugh. 'It's all wrong. See? He's ok. He's fine. It's ok. I'm ok. It's wrong!' Shelby laughed some more, listening to the hysteria rising in her voice, 'See Brand? We were wrong.' Shelby grinned and poked Otto's forehead.

Laura didn't say anything, just sat there weeping. If she could hear Shelby's insane ravings she didn't care to respond.

'Wrong! Wrong. Wrongwrongwrongwrongwrong- WE WERE WRONG!' Shelby screamed, tears flying down her face, 'THIS DIDN'T HAPPEN! IT'S OTTO! HE'S OK! WE MUST BE WRONG!' Shelby whirled around to Wing, 'RIGHT? RIGHT!?'

Wing frowned and gently pulled Shelby into a hug, muffling her sad muttering of 'wrong' into his shoulder.

Raven had never seen quite the same amount of grief before in her whole life. Being an assassin usually meant you were around for the death part and were gone before the mourning started. But this time it was different. Did all her victims have friends and family like this? Did they have someone who would never come to terms with the death? Otto had three. Three people that would never come to terms.

She could see it. Laura would never quite be the same. The tears

streaming down the girl's face would become a regular occurrence. Hacking would become an obsession rather than a hobby and skill. She would talk to Otto in her head- never fully let go.

Shelby would be an angry mourner. Raven could see it in the currently insane girl's eyes. Shelby would blame everyone, ANYONE. And that would take time to grow past. Shelby had one thing up on Laura though, she had Wing to be her rock. Otto had been Laura's rock.

Wing would be there for the girl's. Absorbing their pain and hiding it away. The ninja's armor was sure to form cracks- the loss of a best friend is a great one. Wing wouldn't be able to let it out like the girls. Shock would be a huge factor in the next few months for him.

'But what about me?' Raven thought, 'What about the tears running down my face? Wait- tears?!' Raven reached up and swiped some of the salty drops from her cheek, staring at them as though they were her next victim, 'What kind of assassin cries at a death? A weak one that's what.'

Frowning and righting her Katana's in their sheaths, Raven turned on the ball of her foot and walked to the awaiting shroud. Talking to Nero would be a good idea right now. He always managed to get a hold on things.

Otto's heart stopped beating. The wails coming from Laura would never reach his unhearing ears.

It only took one bullet.

End  
file.